The Maze

DING! DING! DING! Smash! Three figures run, their pace quickens by each second. The dark and gloomy sky hovers above, as the grey clouds cry out.

"Josh, bet you can't catch me!"

"Cas, are you sure about?"

"Guys stop, come on Lucas," "Follow me, let me take you guys somewhere."

Their shoes smack across the cracked concrete. As the trees sway, a bright ray beams out of the sky onto, 'CAFE'.

"Guys lets get a shake or something, it is on me."

"Peter, you didn't have to do this, thank you."

"I'll have chocolate please!" Shouted Josh,

"I'll have Vanilla thank you."

"Anything else?"

"***Crossiant please***." Josh asked

That luxurious french crossiant smell flows throughout the air.

"Follow me, we'll go to the Maze of DEATH!"

"Pete, that is just lots of long bushes."

"Catch me if you can."

"JOSH come back!" "It is not a joke!"

"Josh?"

"We got to go in there pete, we have to, c'mon lets go quick."

The boys' swiftness increases as they attempt to find Josh.

Pete touches the green, soft and lush bush. His hand pierces through. Sweat dripping on his shoes, a cold chill down his spine with a face of determination. They needed to find him.

This Maze has been cursed since the day it was found. Apparently, this mortifying place was a cemetary.

Lucas groans, "Be careful, I think there are traps..."

"There are no tr--" "Ahhhhhh HOLY CRAP WHAT IS THAT!!?

"I don't know probably a-," "... IS THAT A WHAT I THINK IT IS!?"

"WHY ARE THE BONES THAT THIN ON ITS FINGERS AND WHY DOES IT LOOK NEW...!!?" Screams Peter

"I DON"T KNOW!!" "AHHHHHHHH"

"DEAD BODY!!!!" They both scream ear-piercingly!

This abandoned maze is cursed.

"This maze is like hell!" Yelled Peter.

"Noooo Peter, THIS PLACE IS HELL!"

Their faces are whiter than a ghost it self. All their soul drained from their bodies.

"Lucas... come over here," "There are three doors, look closer it says-"

"Door Number one, you will fall into a hole of poisonous snakes, Door Number two, you will walk through a pool of spiders under water and Numebr three, go through a floor of scorpians.

"Well... this seems eas-"

"HELL NO, I AM NOT GOING THROUGH A POOL OF SPIDERS, *YOU* PSYCHOPATH!"

"FINE we will do scorpians.!" Retorted Lucas

"..." "Stuff this, WEEEEEEEEEEE!"

Scorpians were the best option.

"I am going to have, no sorry, I will have PTSD after all this trauma."

This boys call out for Josh, still no luck.

The pitch black sky covers each and every thing in sight.

"I AM SICK OF SEEING BUSH AND STONE!"

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"GUYS!?" Yelled ***Josh.***

"BRO are you alright?!

"Yeah just pretty tired after running and eating that sandwich."

"Yeah ha ha." Peter and Lucas akwardly laughed concernly.

"Should we get weapons or anything for self defence?"

"YES I DIBS THE BIG STICK" Begged Peter.

"Ok Pete, I'll have the metal bar" Said Lucas

"Something is not right..." whispered lucas

"I don't know, Josh is probably tired."

"Peter, he didn't eat a sandwich..."

"Oh yea-"

"...Imposter..."

"Josh, I'm sorry.."

"What?"

SLUSH! Blade pierces through his skin. Green blood spilt everywhere.

"Imposter..." Yelled Lucas.

"WHAT THE HELL LUCAS!!"

...

A black figure, emerges from the the corner,

**'I know how to get out..."**